

The Janesville Daily Gazette.

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JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1881.

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The recent snow storm was not according to Venor.

There is a growing opinion that General Garfield will appoint a cabinet which will suit himself and honor the country.

Out of seventeen thousand deaths in Europe from diphtheria, nearly one-half, or 492 out of a thousand, were children between the ages of one and five years.

After bearing the barbers' and disapprobations of life for ninety-nine years, Joshua L. Smith, an inmate of the Fond du Lac county poor house committed suicide by hanging.

Dr. William Harkin, a prominent member of the Canadian parliament, died suddenly on Friday. He was in his seat in good health, and instantly became sick and unconscious, and in one hour he died.

Mrs. Anna Stroker, who murdered Nancy Heywood, in Manitowish county, last September, has been sentenced to ten years' hard labor in the State prison. A man named Ernest Land, who had assaulted a person with intent to kill, was sentenced at the same time to serve one year in the State prison. Ernest cried like a child to get one year, but Anna Stroker received the sentence of ten years with an indifference which astonished the court, lawyer, and spectators.

The great Democratic leader of New York city—Fernando Wood—is dead. He was born in Philadelphia, in 1812, but removed to New York in 1820. He became engaged in the shipping business while yet a young man, and grew rich. In 1850 he retired from business and engaged in politics. For seven years he was mayor of New York, after which he entered Congress and served twenty years in the House. His health became impaired of late, and this winter he went to the Hot Springs, Arkansas, for relief, where he died to-day.

There is not much hope that the Legislature will adjourn much before the middle of March, and it may be later than that before all the work is done and an adjournment reached. Comparatively, but little work was done during the past week, but all the bills are now in the hands of committees, and the committees are at work, and from this out business will be pushed. There are several important measures to be considered and much time will be occupied in discussing them. This is one of the winters in which there is a mania for legislation. Almost every conceivable subject is being brought before the Legislature, and as many of these are matters of more or less importance, they cannot be thrown aside without consideration.

The friends of Stanley Matthews have lost all hope that he will be confirmed associate justice of the Supreme Court. This nomination is in the hands of the Senate judiciary committee, and it will probably remain there till after the 4th of March. There are nine members of the judiciary committee, and these nine stand among the ablest lawyers in the country. Seven out of the nine are opposed to the confirmation of Mr. Matthews, the two favoring him being Senator Garland, of Arkansas, and Senator Lamar, of Mississippi. The ground on which Senator Thurman opposes Mr. Matthews, is that he is the attorney of a powerful railway corporation, and that the growing sway of these corporations warn him that Mr. Matthews should not be elevated to the Supreme Bench, which is the last resort the people have against grasping and wealthy corporations. Senator Thurman acknowledges that Mr. Matthews is one of the ablest lawyers in America, but at a time like this he does not believe it would be a wise thing to elevate him to a position on the Supreme Bench. From all quarters there comes opposition to Mr. Matthews—not because he is an attorney of a great railway company—but chiefly because he is a brother-in-law of President Hayes, and comes from Ohio. On these grounds he is opposed by Senators Davis, Conkling, Edmunds, and Carpenter. Even a majority of the Republican members of the Ohio Legislature are opposed to his confirmation.

During the last twenty-three years, the West has been visited by three remarkably severe snow and wind storms. In 1858—in February—the storm was the severest that had then been known for years. The snow fell rapidly for two days and the wind blew a gale. Railways were blocked by drifts from five to fifteen feet deep, and trains were suspended for four days. The next storm which will be long remembered on account of its fierceness and the immense snow drifts which gave a sudden check to travel, was in the first week of March, 1862. The storm raged for forty-eight hours, and for one week wagon roads and railways were impassable. The storm which began in the West on Friday last, was, for the time it continued, the severest we have had for a great many years. It was general throughout the Northwest, and in Nebraska, the oldest inhabitant had never seen anything like it. It assumed the fierceness of a regular blizzard in that portion of the West, and on account of the wide extent of prairies was more severely felt than in Wisconsin. Railways everywhere were blocked and business suspended. While the snow and wind were holding a carnival in the West, the rains and floods were spreading terror and working devastation in the East. Rivers were overflowed, bridges swept away, towns were inundated and a general deluge seemed to be

the programme. At this writing, it is impossible to estimate the damage but it amounts to hundreds of thousands. The railways through Wisconsin and Illinois are in running order again, with an enterprise and energy which always marks our railway companies, they put an immense force at work on Sunday, and succeeded in opening the roads to Chicago, and to points North.

THE GREAT STORM.

Further Details of the Great Storm of Snow and Wind.

The Storms Extend Over the Entire State, Blocking All Railroads.

In Some Portions of the State the Storm was the Severest Ever Known.

Serious Illness of Governor Miller, the "War Governor" of Minnesota.

Governor Cullom and Olive Logan Make a Quiet Pilgrimage to Mentor.

The Position of the President Towards the DeLesseps Isthmus Canal.

More Cabinet Talk By the Gentleman Who Has Just Returned from Mentor.

Sara Bernhardt Creates Some Excitement in Nashville, Tennessee.

Death of Fernando Wood at the Arkansas Hot Springs.

MORE STORM.

SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE.
MONTREAL, Feb. 14.—Venor predicts great storms for the early part of March.

FIRE.

SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE.
CINCINNATI, Feb. 14.—The mailable iron works burned this morning. Loss \$20,000.

DEATH OF FERNANDO WOOD

SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE.
HOT SPRINGS, Ark., February 14.—Fernando Wood, who came here two weeks ago for his health, died this morning.

THE DEAD-LOCK.

SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE.
HARRISBURG, Feb. 14.—The twenty-seventh ballot for United States Senator stood: Bayne, 33; Wallace, 29; Beaver, 27; scattering, 2.

HANLAN WINS.

SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE.
LONDON, Feb. 14.—Hanlan won the sculling match, by seven lengths, easily. The official time was 25 minutes, 41 seconds. Laycock rowed well, 9½ seconds behind.

The freedom of the city was presented to General Roberts.

FROM MADISON.

SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE.
MADISON, February 14.—The weather has undergone a marked change since Saturday at midnight. Yesterday and to-day has been very pleasant, but so much snow has fallen that the Milwaukee & St. Paul Company have been unable to clear their tracks on the Watertown & Portage branch. A large force of men with snow plows are hard at work, however, and it is expected that the trains will be running by six o'clock to-night. A bare quorum of the Legislature will be present at to-night's session.

FALSE PRETENSE.

SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE.
MADISON, Feb. 14.—J. H. Townsend, a dealer in poultry and eggs in this city, is under arrest for obtaining a signature to a draft for three hundred dollars under false pretenses, for the purpose of discomfiting the same immediately after getting the draft endorsed. He fled to Cleveland, Ohio, where he was arrested and returned here yesterday. He is financially in bad shape, owing numerous parties here. He will, undoubtedly, go to State prison.

THE STORM IN WISCONSIN.

WATERTOWN.
WATERTOWN, February 12.—This city to-day experienced the most dull and dreary day ever known here. A twenty-four hours' raging snow storm blocked the country and railroads that travel was entirely abandoned. No trains passed here to-day.

MILWAUKEE.
MILWAUKEE, Feb. 13.—The storm has ceased here, but the signal has been hoisted again. The weather is clear and cold. As the wind has been from the west, the Grand Haven harbor is probably filled with ice, and the vessels will not attempt to cross for a day or two. All the principal railway lines in this region

have been cleared of snow, and trains will run regularly to-night and to-morrow. The Chicago trains were on time to-day. Two of the street-railway lines in this city are still blocked.

APPLETON.
APPLETON, Feb. 12.—A blinding storm of wind and snow of twenty-four hours' duration, with every prospect of long continuance, is raging in this section. The streets are filled with banks, the highways out of the city are blocked, travel is entirely suspended, and business is almost at a standstill. The Green Bay express, due here at 3 a. m., was five hours behind, and the Wisconsin Central train that left here for Neenah at 8:30 o'clock last evening, had not reached that city until 9 o'clock this morning. The storm is the most severe that has been experienced here for years.

BARABOO.
BARABOO, Feb. 13.—Three of the eleven feet of snow promised in December have come, and from the present appearances we are not to be disappointed in the other eight feet. We have unusual quantities of rain, sleet, sunshine, and snow this week, the latter element predominating. Snow commenced falling at noon yesterday, and continues to fall with unabated vigor at the present writing. Trains on the Northwestern are delayed, and other kinds of travel sadly impeded. The north-bound express, due here at 3 o'clock this morning, was seven hours behind time; and the south-bound train, due at 8 a. m., had not been heard from at noon.

OSHKOSH.
OSHKOSH, Feb. 12.—By far the most severe snowstorm of this winter commenced about 8 o'clock last night, accompanied by piercing wind from the northeast. The night was the wildest on record in this region, and this morning everything is blocked. Snow has continued falling all day to-day, though the wind has somewhat subsided. Business is almost totally suspended, the highways being impassable. Only one train arrived here to-day over the Northwestern road. The passenger train south due at 9 this morning reached here about 2 this afternoon. On the St. P. and W. and S. and W. all trains have been abandoned and travel is entirely suspended.

WHAT WILL HE DO?

The President and the Monroe Doctrine.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 13.—"Now what will President Hayes do about it?" has been a general question asked to-day in view of the dispatches from Panama saying that De Lesseps' engineers and business managers have actually arrived there and begun operations. Of course, the new Monroe doctrine, as promulgated in two messages to Congress, is infringed. It is in a worse condition than the Senate's infringed dignity in the case of the escaped Chinese treaties. The situation is, without doubt, embarrassing. A little star-spangled banner talk not allowing foreigners to dig a canal across the isthmus without asking our permission and giving us control was meaningless enough and safe enough to try as a means of making a little popular applause so long as De Lesseps was only talking on the other side of the ocean; but now that his advance force has actually landed and gone to work, this official gasconade in regard to the Monroe doctrine turns out to be a serious thing—that is, serious for those who have indulged in it. The landing at Panama brings the President face to face with a very practical affair. The question for him is, "What can be done with the impudent Frenchman?" or, rather "Can anything be done with him?"

The actual situation causes much comment, and there is a general curiosity to know what the President will do. Although these on the outside do not see what he can do, there are some who feel that he must have had a general idea of what he could do in case his messages did not keep De Lesseps at home, or he certainly would never have promulgated his doctrine in regard to isthmus affairs. If De Lesseps had only waited three weeks he would have relieved President Hayes from all further responsibility and embarrassments. But, as such a serious defiance of two Presidential messages cannot be suffered to pass without exciting unpleasant ridicule at home and abroad. It is thought possible that the President will take some notice of the matter. The State Department mail of the present week ought to bring official notice of the landing of De Lesseps' force, and when that arrives the President will be in a position where he can take notice of the matter.

STRICKEN WITH APOPLEXY

ST. PAUL, Feb. 12.—A special to the Pioneer Press from Worthington, Minn., announces that ex-Governor Stephen Miller was stricken with apoplexy here last night, and lay unconscious for some time. He has rallied to-day, but probably cannot recover. Governor Miller was born in Perry county, Pennsylvania, in 1816. He took rather an active part in public life, and held several offices in that State. He was delegate to the Chicago convention in 1860, and also a Presidential elector. He was lieutenant-colonel of the First Minnesota regiment in the civil war, and colonel of the Seventh in the Sioux war. He was elected Governor in 1864, and was known for two years as Minnesota's "War Governor." He was very active in raising and organizing regiments and in caring for the soldiers of the State at the front. Since 1866 he has remained in private life.

THE PRAYER CURE.

ERIC, Pa., February 9.—The Town of Summit is excited over an alleged miracle. About thirty well known citizens have signed a wonderful statement, which will be published in the Dispatch to-morrow, declaring that Miss Ella McQuellian, aged 20, was suddenly stricken with a disease that paralyzed her whole body, which began to wither away. For eight days she lay in a state of trance, to all appearances dead. The Rev. Father Maloney came to pray for her, and as he invoked the help of Jesus and Mary, animation returned to the corpse-like body, the withered limbs resumed their former plumpness, and she arose unaided and walked about. The subscribers to the statement make it pay \$2 to its truth. Singular to relate, it is stated that the priest was so terrified at the result of his invocation that he nearly fainted.

MENTOR PILGRIMS.

Governor Cullom and Olive Logan Take a Quiet Trip to Mentor.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, February 13.—Governor Cullom went down to Mentor on the afternoon train. Though nothing could be gleaned from him as to the object of his journey, it is generally thought he is working up the proposition to put David Davis back into the supreme court so that the vacancy caused in the Senate could be filled by a Republican, and thus give the party a majority and the control of the organization and legislation. Again it is hinted that Governor Cullom is interested in having Illinois recognized in the cabinet, possibly the war portfolio for General Logan, and while not urging any claim of his own, the Governor doubtless would like a good share of patronage of his State. Olive Logan, who has been stopping at the Kennard house for a week, quietly dropped down to Mentor a day or two ago.

CABINET TALK.

What a Gentleman Who has Just Arrived From Mentor Says.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 13.—A gentleman who has just arrived from Mentor says, on the subject of the cabinet, that though General Garfield may have determined in his own mind one, two, or three persons who may be invited to the cabinet but as yet even they have not been notified by General Garfield of his intentions. Nothing has yet been finally decided as to geographical representation in the cabinet. General Garfield was expected to arrive in Washington soon after the count of the electoral vote, but it is stated by the gentleman referred to that he will not be here till about the 1st of March. If General Garfield does not desire to be badly badgered by political guerrillas, he will not venture into Washington before midnight March 3d. Place hunters here are daily growing more desperate.

CRUSHED TO DEATH.

BARABOO, Feb. 13.—A man named Brandt, brother of the section boss on the North Freedom section division of the Chicago & Northwestern road, met his death yesterday about five miles south of this place in an attempt to board the No. 5 freight train, which was moving slowly along the heavy grade at Devil's Nose. Brandt was walking along the track toward Baraboo, and, being overtaken by the train, tried to get on the caboose. He was thrown upon the track and terribly mangled by the wheels.

BERNHARDT.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 12.—The sale of seats for the Bernhardt engagement began at noon to-day. The choice of seats was auctioned off under the auspices of Marcus Mayer, Mlle. Bernhardt's agent. The highest price paid was \$25. The sale was the most exciting and successful since Jenny Lind's engagement, thirty years ago. The entire house, including the gallery, was taken.

CHICAGO GOSSIP.

FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.
CHICAGO, Feb. 14.—It may seem superfluous for me to write so much in regard to the immense business of this city, as regards dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, &c. &c. If so, please bear with me, while I state that at the present time Chicago houses are making their names felt the world over, from the rising to the setting sun. New York, a few years ago, viewed with alarm, their great trade gradually slipping from its grasp, and soon found that Chicago was its most formidable rival, and would soon have the entire monopoly unless checked by some means; consequently, the largest houses in dry goods, boots and shoes, &c., established branch houses here, in order to hold their western customers if possible. This action only spurred our own merchants to greater exertion, and a close rivalry existed for a time, until at the present day, these eastern branch houses—not only from New York, but Cincinnati, Boston, and other cities as well as now their main houses, and the eastern houses have become virtually the branches in every sense of the word. The year 1880 showed sales by one of the largest shoe dealers here to be over \$10,000,000, while their eastern house could only figure \$7,000,000.

We have a miniature Greenland at present in front of the city. The ice extends many miles out in the lake, and regular icebergs and hammocks from six to twenty feet in height dotting the surface; it is a most beautiful sight, and gives a person some insight in regard to the condition of the Arctic regions. A Times reporter accompanied by two other gentlemen, drove to the crib with a horse and cutter on Friday; the "old man" was kindly requested to go, but flatly refused, on the ground that it was unsafe to take such a trip, and his young wife gave him a regular talking to for being so cowardly. The party got home safe and sound, and enjoyed it amazingly.

Eggs have been as high as 60 cents a dozen, and very scarce at that. One lady offered \$1 a dozen to one of our honest produce merchants last week, if he would warrant them strictly fresh. He would not do it, in the face of current events, as everything was grossly adulterated, and why not eggs? She did not purchase.

L. MOTT

An Amusing Incident.

The correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal at Frankfort, Ky., relates the following: "An amusing incident occurred yesterday afternoon to a runaway horse attached to a sleigh. After dashing madly down St. Clair street from the bridge without doing any great damage, the horse pulled up on the sidewalk at the corner of Main and St. Clair streets, where there is a door leading to the office of Gen. D. W. Lindsey. The door is always kept locked, and has a sign on it 'Entrance around the corner.' The animal ran its nose up to the door, and to the surprise of lookers, quickly whirled around the corner. One gentleman at a distance, not fully understanding the

horse's antics, and having curiosity enough to investigate the affair, asked an urchin standing near the scene if he knew the reason of the sudden wheel about. The urchin replied: 'I don't know, sir, unless it was that ar' sign on the door.' The gentleman left impressed with the idea of a very learned horse.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Made from Grape Cream Tartar. No other preparation makes such light, flaky hot breads, or luxuriant pastry. Can be eaten by dyspeptics without fear of the ill results from heavy indigestible food. Sold only in cans, by all Grocers. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

REMOVAL!

REMOVAL!

NEW QUARTERS

TRULSON & PETERSON

Take pleasure in informing their numerous customers and friends that they have removed their Mammoth Stock of

Boots & Shoes

From the Myer House block to the F. S. Eldred Store, corner of West Milwaukee and River Sts., near First National Bank, where they will be pleased to see all old and as many new customers as will favor them with a call, assuring all that they will sell in the future, as in the past

GOOD GOODS

SATISFACTORY PRICES!

P. S.—We will make a Special Sale of Old Style of Boots and Shoes at much less than cost. We make Boots and Shoes to order as usual.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.
TRULSON & PETERSON.
opposite corner of Milwaukee and Main

SPECIALTIES!

SPECIALTIES

AT

ROBERTS'

DRUG

STORE.

Brush and Comb Cases, Dressing Cases, Cologne Bottles, Colognes and Extracts for the Hair, Nail and Tooth Brushes, Toilet Soaps, Prepared Bird-Seed, Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medicines, Chamomile-skin Jackets

COR. MAIN and MILWAUKEE STS.
deafly

R. C. YEOMANS'

Franklin street, Corn Exchange Square, Janesville, Wis.

DEALER IN
Wind-Mill, Garden and Set Length Force Pumps, Fire, Fittings, Drive Points Deep and Shallow Well Cylinders,
Gas and Steam Fitting Goods!
Globe and other Valves, Engine Trimmings, Rubber Hose, Sheet Rubber, Lead Pipe, Packing, &c.
Steam, Gas and Water Pipe Fitting a Specialty.

Deep and Shallow Well Repairing. Estimates given and Contracts Taken on Work at a Distance. All work Personally Attended to.
J. H. DAWT

For Sale!

At Gazette Counting Room.

At a BARGAIN,

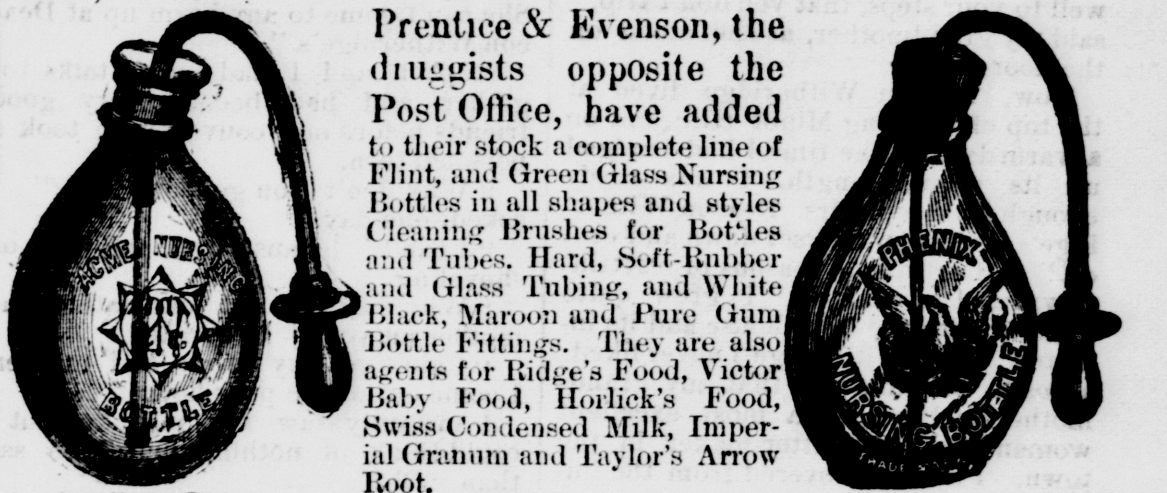
A NEW IMPROVED

HOWE

SEWING MACHINE

Call and see it.
et39dawtf

Oh, Who will Care for Mother Now?



Don't Wash the Baby

with cheap animal oil soaps that contain so much free alkali that it is fit only for Laundry purposes. The public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of soap to guide them to a proper selection, and so a pretty box, or a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweigh the more important consideration, the composition of the soap itself. Prentice & Evenson have a very carefully selected stock of pure vegetable oil Toilet Soap of over seventy different kinds. They have all the best brands of imported Castile Soap and American Glycerine Soap which they sell by the pound.

Actual New York Cost!

50 Set Mink Furs.
100 Cloaks and Dolmans at the first New York Cost.

Ladies in want of a good set of MINK FURS or a nice wool DOL-MAN will save at least 25 per cent by calling at THE NEW YORK CASH STORE and examining these goods.

Just received the first new goods in Janesville in 1881.

NEW PRINTS and GINGHAMS and SPRING GOODS of all kinds.

Respectfully,
SMITH & BOSTWICK.

YOU WILL FIND AT

E. V. WHITON & CO.'S,

Corner Milwaukee and Jackson Sts., Cannon's Block,
Every conceivable article kept by druggists, including Toilet Goods, Handkerchief Extracts, Cologne, all the Patent Medicines advertised, Liquors for Medicinal use, Combs, Brushes, Cigars, Tobaccos, etc. Our drugs and chemicals we select with the greatest care and get the freshest and purest in the market, and sell them at moderate prices.

1881.

We will open this week \$20,000 of New Goods for the winter months of 1881. Our large sales for the past three months have reduced our stock so that we are able to buy nearly a full assortment in all departments, of the newest and latest styles for the next 90 days. We have no old stock to close out, but buying at this time of year we can sell you new, fresh, stylish goods at 10 per cent. less than former prices: on all kinds of Domestic, such as Canton Flannels, Gingham, Prints, Shirtings, Denims, Tickings, &c., 5 per cent. less than any house in the city, and will continue to do so as long as we are in business. Black and Colored Cashmeres we bought last April when those goods were lower than ever known before. Our Black Cashmeres that cost us 90c are now worth in the market 1.07 1-2, so houses buying from day to day have to pay the advance prices in the busy season. We make a specialty of Kid Gloves, never out of a No. or Button in the leading brands of Kid Gloves. We commence the year of 1881 with a complete assortment of all kinds of First Class Dry Goods.
MOKEY & BRO.
Sign of the Golden Sheep, New Store, West Milwaukee Street, Janesville, Wis.

MY HERO.

For many years we bought our butter, milk and eggs at the Deacon Witheridge Farm. When I was ten years old my grandmother thought that I might be trusted to go for the milk, warning me, as I set out, that I was to hold the pail well away from me and not spill. By another year the family pronounced me large enough to be trusted with the butter and eggs.

"Carry them steady, child, and look well to your steps, that you don't trip," said my grandmother, as she stood on the door-steps.

Now, Deacon Witheridge lived at the top of the long Minot Hill; and on a warm day, by the time I had trudged up its weary length, I was ready enough to accept Mrs. Deacon Witheridge's invitation to "set down and cool off." After several seasons of "setting down and cooling off," I grew quite familiar with the farm-house and its inmates. Mrs. Witheridge I never liked. It made no difference that my grandmother declared her a most excellent woman, the best butter-maker in the town, never recovered from the impression of my first visit.

"Be sure and go to the back door," was my mother's parting injunction. But when I reached the house no back door could I find. I looked and looked in vain, and was on the point of turning back toward home, when, suddenly, with unthought boldness, I determined to try the front-door. I made my way through the tall grass which choked the path, and let the heavy brass knocker fall with a thump that made me tremble. It was some time before I heard an answering foot-step, and then, on the other side of the door, a fierce struggle with rusty bolts and hinges. At last, with a groan, the door gave way, and I found myself looking up at a gaunt woman, who impressed me as being of supernatural stature.

"Ho! So it's nobody but you, is it? What are you round here for, scarin' folks half to death, for fear 'twas some grand company?"

"I couldn't find the back door," I began timidly.

"Couldn't find the back door? Where do folk's generally find back doors?"

"I must have looked unable to answer, for she went on:

"Why, round at the back of the house, most likely. But what do you want of the back door, when you git there?"

"Are you Mrs. Deacon Witheridge?" I asked, faintly.

"Yes, I'm her. Speak up lively and tell me what you want. I ain't got much time ter waste. We're folks that work here."

More and more embarrassed, I stammered out: "I came after some milk. I'd like a quart if you please. The money's in the pail."

"Well, you'll have to go round to the back door. I don't want ter let yer in here. You might track in dirt. Just foller yer nose round the house."

I did at last find the right door, where I waited with some apprehension the re-appearance of the Deacon's wife.

She soon reached the door, and called in an extraordinary pitch of voice:

"Stephen! Stephen!"

A boy who was bending over the woodpile, turned quickly and nervously at her sharp voice, and came toward the house.

"I want you to go down to the milk-cellar, Stephen, and get some milk for this child. Dip down under and don't disturb the cream."

"All right, marn," he answered, cheerfully.

"Come, step up quick. Don't walk as if there was a ton o' lead on yer heels!"

Stephen held out his hand for my pail, and invited my good-will with a friendly smile.

"Very well, I thank you," I answered; for I had been taught at home that "boys and some rather common little girls said 'Hullo' instead of 'How do you do?'" I noticed that Stephen looked a little puzzled as he carried off my pail. I watched him as he went. I have called him a boy, but I could not have guessed his age. His form was slight and boyish; but there were deep lines in his forehead, and a care-worn look about the eyes. His clothes were poor and hung loosely upon him. Yet Stephen's stooping shoulders and thin face left no impression of sadness upon me. His smile was too cheery, his "Hullo" too friendly for that. For one thing I did pity him, that he was, apparently, in the power of Mrs. Deacon Witheridge. This I felt a bond of sympathy, for was not I, too, for the time being?

"Well, here yer be at last," said the Deaconess, as Stephen emerged from the cellar. "What yer goin' to do next? Go down to the grist-mill?"

"Yes, marn; that's what the Deacon said. I s'pose I might take her along, too," with a nod in my direction. "This is the road she takes."

"Yes, I s'pose yer might, if it didn't hinder you."

"All right, little girl, come on."

I elbowed into the wagon while Stephen untied the horse. He stood a moment with one foot on the wagon-step, and looked down at himself rather ruefully.

"I ain't a very spruce-looking feller, am I? Ain't yer most ashamed ter ride with me?"

"No, I think it's nice," I said decidedly.

Witheridge to close her front-parlor blinds upon it all her married life. Here, at any rate, Stephen and I found plenty to talk about. My heart was won at once by the patience and good-nature with which he answered my endless questions. I followed him about as he worked, till a shrill voice called from the house: "Your milk is waitin' for you. You musn't be hinderin' Stephen."

Stephen stoutly maintained that I was no hinderance; and many a time after that I lengthened my call till late in the morning.

"Never mind, Maria," said my grandmother, "if she does stay a good while. She can't come to any harm up at Deacon Witheridge's."

Stephen and I had many talks together, and had become very good friends before our conversation took a personal turn.

"Why don't you go to school?" I asked, one day.

"I can't," he answered, and went on shoveling.

"Why not? Won't your father and mother let you?" I persisted.

"I ain't got any father and mother. I come out of the poor-house."

I instantly saw my mistake; but I could think of nothing better to say than "Oh!"

"I ain't goin' to die there, though; not if I can help it," he continued, shoveling with desperate energy.

"Are you going to get rich?" But I stopped suddenly. "Why, Stephen, what's the matter? Your face is all white," I cried.

He leaned heavily on his shovel and put his hand to his forehead.

"I'm all right now. I guess I put in a little too hard." He went on working; but lifted his shovel slowly and heavily, bending all the strength of his slight frame to the task. Suddenly, who should emerge from behind a patch of corn but Deacon Witheridge himself.

"Wal, sir! Smart kind of working I call this. Why, a feller like you don't earn his salt."

Stephen answered nothing; but made a weary effort to shovel faster. The Deacon frightened me, and I did not dare to stay longer.

When I reached home I went straight to my mother.

"Mamma, I burst out, 'didn't Stephen ever have any father or mother?'"

"Stephen? Stephen? Oh! yes. Deacon Witheridge's boy. Poor fellow! When he was a little bit of a baby, dear, they found him on the poor-house steps. They took him in and kept him till Deacon Witheridge wanted a boy to bring up. I am afraid the little fellow has had rather a hard time," she added, half to herself.

I could think of nothing that afternoon but Stephen's story. My knowledge of the world was entirely obtained from Sunday-school books. It happened that first, then, my mind was filled with an entrancing tale, whose plot I distinctly remember. The hero was a foundling, whose elaborate embroidered clothing gave no clue to his origin. He fell into the hands of monsters in human shape, from whom he suffered untold persecutions. The heroism of the early martyrs was nothing compared with the lofty endurance of this young saint. At last his so-called parents fall into deep disgrace, and in the midst of the grand catastrophe our hero is discovered to be the son of a neighboring Duke, from whose palace he had been stolen by a revengeful nurse. Now, as I recovered this tale in my mind I was struck with the marked resemblance between the fortunes of its hero and of mine. My imagination seized the meager facts of Stephen's story and wove them into a romance, whose reality I did not for a moment doubt. Some day, I felt assured, a fine carriage would draw up before Deacon Witheridge's front-door, and a beautiful lady, in a black velvet dress (that was one of the points I insisted upon), should alight and claim my hero as her long-lost son. I had no very definite idea where this lady would come from or what would afterward become of her; but her sudden appearance seemed a necessary dramatic situation. I dwelt, with a delight which savored of the malicious, on the astonishment and chagrin of Deacon and Mrs. Witheridge, when they discovered that Stephen was a millionaire. It suited the purpose of my story to paint this worthy couple in the blackest colors. Hard, unsympathetic and grasping, they certainly were; but I am glad that they are to this day serenely unconscious of the atrocities I laid at their door.

Day after day I labored upon my little romance, till it began to seem very real to me. I made various additions and improvements, and finally determined that when it had all come to pass, I, too, would write a book and tell to everybody the story of my hero.

I wonder if my mother knew what a wild little brain mine was, and what visions were flitting through it, as she called to me from the head of the stairs that we were all out of eggs.

"I want you to go right up to Deacon Witheridge's for some."

Having dispatched my errand with Mrs. Witheridge, I inquired for Stephen.

"Stephen? What do you want of him? Guess he's down in the field somewhere. Ain't doin' much, I'll be bound."

It was some time before I could find him, and then I came suddenly across him. It was true, he was not doing much. He lay on the grass, in a sheltered nook, his arm under his head and his eyes closed. Save a gentle rustle of the corn and the murmur of the river close at hand, not a sound broke the stillness of the summer morning. Stephen did not hear me, and I stood for a moment looking at him. I felt instantly subdued, though I could have told why. Many of a child's sensations must wait years to be explained.

As Stephen opened his eyes, it was a very sober little face he saw.

"How did you know where I was?" he asked, faintly.

"I didn't. I found you."

"I guess I'm kinder give out. I don't feel good for much."

He smiled and tried to rise, but sank back again.

"If I only had a little water," he murmured.

"I can run!" I cried, and was soon breathless at Mrs. Witheridge's door and asking for a dipper of water.

"What do you want o' water?" Mrs. Witheridge demanded.

"Stephen wants it. I guess he's sick."

"Lazy, more likely. He's got precious little stamin' now, though."

I ran back to the field, where I found Stephen still lying on the ground. He took the water gratefully, and seemed better at once.

"I'm all right now," he said, cheerfully. "I was much relieved; and we talked merrily of many things. I said not a word of all my dreaming, but I was thinking all the time of Stephen in the new character I had given him. It was no effort of the imagination to fancy Stephen a gentleman; for there was a sweetness and dignity in his nature that no unthoughtfulness of dress or speech could hide. Once out of the clutches of Mrs. Deacon Witheridge, what might he not become?"

"Mamma," I asked at tea that night, "what's 'stamin'?'"

"Stamin'? What does the child mean?"

"Why, Mrs. Witheridge said Stephen hadn't any 'stamin'," I explained.

"Oh, stamin'!" said my mother. She meant that he hadn't a strong constitution."

"Stamin'?" cried my father. "Well, the old lady has enough of it herself. She and the Deacon are as tough as old shoe-leather. They?"

"Andrew!" said my mother, reproachfully. "Before these children!"

"And they've no mercy on anybody. They work that poor fellow early and late, till it's a wonder there's anything left of him."

"Andrew, I wouldn't," began my mother again.

"He's a bright, smart little fellow, too. He'd make something anywhere but on Deacon Witheridge's farm. Get him off that, and you might hear from that boy. I declare there are too many folks in this world that have dropped into the wrong place."

For some reason I had no errand to the Deacon's for a week after this. One morning I heard my mother and grandmother talking in the dining-room.

"Should you want to send her up there, if he's so sick?" asked my mother.

"No, I shouldn't send her on any account," my grandmother answered. "Does she know he's sick?"

"No, I haven't liked to tell her. You know she's taken a great liking to him."

"Well, he's a nice boy. I hope he'll live. Always respectful and well-behaved."

Stephen was sick and they had not told me. I said nothing; but I instantly put on my hat and started for Deacon Witheridge's. Mary Ann met at the door with:

"Wal, Stephen's ben terrible sick since you was up here. Guess he ain't quite so bad though, now. I'll go ask Mrs. Witheridge if you can come in and see him."

"She came back in a moment, and said:

"Yes, come along in. He's in the back bedroom."

I went softly into the room and stole up to the bed. Stephen lay there so pale and wan and pitiful that I could hardly help crying. He heard me and opened his eyes, and his face brightened so that I forgot to be sad.

"It's too bad yer're sick, Stephen," I said, rather timidly.

"I guess I shall be all right pretty soon."

His cheerful face comforted me, and we talked till I quite forgot my anxiety. At last there was a pause; and we were both silent for several minutes. There was something different in Stephen's tone and look when he said at length:

"Sometimes I dunno as I shall ever get very rich."

I looked up, quickly, to ask why; but I stopped.

"I kinder think sometimes I ain't good for much here. Folks 'ud get along well enough without me."

I was bewildered, but still I said nothing.

"There was lots o' things I wanted to do, though. It seems kinder hard that I can't have 'em."

I looked at him in vague distress. The momentary pain that had crossed his face was gone, and a happy, beautiful look remained, that I have long remembered.

"I'd like to have done something before I had to go. But there's plenty o' folks left. It's all right. I know that. It's always all right."

With a great sob I cried: "Oh! Stephen, don't die! Don't die!" and rushed out of the house.

A week after Stephen died, and I knew the first genuine sorrow of my life. It was long before I ceased to feel a sense of bitter grief and crushing disappointment; but time has softened the sharpness of my sorrow, and has left me the memory of a sweetness and trust and patience that have all my life strengthened me in the divine doctrine that it is all right.

And though there was, after all, no story to tell and no book to write, I believe that in the best and truest sense my Stephen was a hero.—Helen Dunes Brown, in N. Y. Independent.

A correspondent of the American Agriculturist says: "I wish to describe to you a method of making fruit trees bear, that I blundered on. Some fifteen years ago I had a small apple tree that leaned considerably. I drove a stake beside it, tied a string to a limb and fastened it to the stake. The next year that limb blossomed full, and not another blossom appeared on the tree, and, as Tom Bunker said, 'set me to thinking,' and I came to the conclusion that the string was so tight that it prevented the sap returning to the roots; consequently it formed fruit buds. Having a couple of pear trees that were large enough to bear but had never blossomed, I took a coarse twine and wound it several times around the tree above the lower limbs and tied it as tight as I could. The next spring all the top above the cord blossomed as white as snow, and there was not one blossom below where the cord was tied. I have since tried the experiment on several trees, with the same result. I think it is a much better way than cutting of the roots. In early summer, say June or July, wind a string twice around the tree or a single limb, and tie it, the tighter the better, and you will be blessed with the result. The next winter or spring the cord may be taken off."

How's the Baby.

"How's the baby?" "His crop is better this morning, thank you, we gave him some Thomas' Electric Oil as you advised, doctor, and shall give him some more in an hour or so." Next day the doctor pronounced the youngster cured.

For sale by A. J. Roberts, and C. F. C. er.

R. C. YEOMANS:

Franklin street, Cor. Exchange Square, Janesville, Wis.

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Wind-Mill, Garden and Set Length Force Pumps, Pipe, Fittings, Drive Pumps, Deep and Shallow Well Cylinders.

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Help

Myself by making money when I was in a golden chance is offered, thereby I can always keep my family from your door. Those who always take advantage of the golden chance are offered, generally, some chance remain in poverty. We want many more, women, boys and girls, for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You decide your own time and place. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

TAX SALE.

Tax Sale for City Taxes.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Treasurer of the city of Janesville, will sell on the 15th day of the month of March, 1881, at public sale, the parcels of land hereinafter described as may be necessary for the amount of taxes, costs and charges due on each of the lots, pieces of land, piece of parcel of land, hereinafter described respectively, for the city taxes, costs and charges for the year 1880, and for the year 1881, at the place at the office of the undersigned, in the city of Janesville, on the 25th day of February, A. D. 1881, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, mentioned date, and continue until all of said lots, parcels of land, pieces and parcels of land, are sold respectively.

J. M. HASELTON, City Treasurer.

JANESVILLE, WIS., FEBRUARY 4, 1881.

FARMING LANDS—FIRST WARD.

J. Maurice Smith, undivided 1/2 of lots 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, of the Janesville Water power lots, in government lot 1, Section 36, T3, R12, bd n by Janesville Cotton Manufacturing Co's. lots, e by Rock river, s by Geo. Barnes' lots, w by race 15.36

J. Maurice Smith, lots 2122 of the Janesville water power lots in government lot 1, Sec. 36, T3, R12, bd n by O. B. Ford's mill lot, e by Rock river, s by Janesville Cotton Manufacturing Co's. lots, w by race 5.50

Mary C. Smith, undivided 1/2 of that part of lots 1, 2, and 3, of the Janesville water power lots, in government lot 2, Section 36, T3, R12, commencing at a point 69 1/2 ft nly from Milwaukee street, running thence nly on the e'y line of Britton & Kimball's lot, and on the w'y line of the lot 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 6

